

Congo News Letter

MARCH 1959

Read
Mar 23, 1959



CONGO WEDDING

Masamba Jean and Emil Ntala

CONGO NEWS LETTER

VOL. LI

MARCH, 1959

No. 1

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Published Quarterly by the Missionaries of the A.B.F.M.S

Subscription price 75 cents a year; 3 years or 3 subscriptions for \$2 00. Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Subscription price in Congo 35 francs. Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L., B. P. 4728, Leopoldville 2, Belgian Congo.

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ALONE WITH GOD

Matt. 14 : 23

*Alone with God !
O take the time I pray you;
The day is long,
And crowded to the brim.
Be still and wait;
It may be but a moment,
But He is there,
When you've the time for Him.*

*Alone with God !
There's so much strife and hurry;
No thing can wait.
We all must clear the line,
To do the petty round
Of this world's business;
But He must wait,
Until we have the time.*

*Alone with God !
Time will not always be ours.
If we but knew
How soon we'd be with Him
We would surely see
For us to live is Jesus,
And cherish more
The time we spend with Him.*

*Mother Mac
(Mrs. F. McQuat)*

WHAT'S IN A WEDDING?*

BY MARTHA EMMERT

SO ought men to love their wives as their own bodies . . . even as the Lord the church . . . for this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." Eph. 5 : 28-31

There are few thoughts more beautiful and more inspiring than the ideals expressed in the Christian wedding service. I can still remember as a non-Christian at my sister's wedding, hearing for the first time such portions as that above. My soul was strangely stirred and agitated by even the dream of such a thing as a high and holy union like that. For days I could think of nothing else. It was a new and startling conception of marriage to me.

Many years later, at my own Christian wedding, many friends and relatives were gathered, some of them to hear for the first time this conception of marriage as God planned it. And because God did plan it, the beauty and purity that He meant to be, can be found in Him within any marriage entrusted to Him — can be restored when lost, for He cares deeply that our lives reflect the love and faithfulness with which He blesses His church.

We don't know a great deal about Congolese wedding customs, but we have heard enough of the bartering and bickering that goes on among the relatives in settling the bridal price, etc. Sometimes it seems that the prospective bride can be switched from one day to the next without much concern to the groom. It has seemed more or less a financial arrangement, though we realize that all weddings are not so shallow as that, even among non-Christians, and we realize too that those arrangements under the old tribal laws gave the only stability and permanence to the marriage that they knew. There is enough of that general impression, however, to set in relief two of the most meaningful marriages we have seen since coming to Congo.

*See Cover Photo of Masamba Jean and Emil Ntala.

The first took place between Bwetu André and Julienne. This couple had been engaged for some time. They corresponded while he was at Kikongo in Bible School and she here in the Ménagère (Home Economics) School. They are happy in each other's presence and thoroughly enjoyed all the preparations for their wedding. Now, both graduated, they are ready to join their lives to serve God in the villages as evangelist, teacher, friend. Their faces shone as they walked out of the church together, and though they live in the most primitive of huts — God is there, His love steering their service, making others rich through the boundless grace of Jesus. We wonder how many girls watching that day were stirred to dream of a Christian marriage for themselves, where money is not the chief concern, but rather where the desire and passion of the life of each is to serve a common Lord. May God bless young Tata and Mama Bwetu and preserve their marriage and witness for years to come !

The other couple has also been engaged for several years. Emile was a primary and Ménagère student here at Banza Manteke and Jean (John) a student at Kimpese. They grew to love each other very much. A crisis came when because of her ill health he was advised by relatives to choose another bride. Because he loved her he was not willing to forsake her even though she should not be as strong and able to work as perhaps another. He has been a most patient and considerate fiancé, in letter and conversation seeking to understand and be understood by his future wife.

Rather than antagonize village elders by refusal of pagan customs they did not celebrate the tribal wedding at all, but rather secured the legal papers from the government office and asked that their marriage be here among their Christian friends. This was duly planned and prepared for and the day of the wedding brought family and friends from all around. Two cars of Congolese teachers and missionaries came from Kimpese in honor of Jean who is now an instructor and member of the senior staff there. They were a fine and inspiring young couple as they took their vows and greeted those present afterward.

They have had privileges, it is true, that others have not had, which have come to them, even as ours have come to us,

by God's grace. Emile has had the privilege of working in a missionary home for two years, of training in keeping a home and family. Jean has had six years of secondary training and was among those chosen to go to sing at the Brussels Exposition to represent our Protestant work in Congo. His smart wedding suit is a souvenir of his trip — now it serves to remind him of two meaningful experiences in his young life. For he is young, and dreams of even greater service for God. We know him as one who, in spite of privilege, is humbly willing to do God's will whatever it may be. May God prepare and use Jean and Emile according to His plan and purpose. And may the witness of these Christian marriages bring the truth of God's love and faithfulness into the hearts of a people hungry for Him.

THE KINTWADI HOE

BY RUTH ENGWALL

OUR ideal has been well summarized in the report on home and family life by the All Africa Church Conference held at Ibadan, Nigeria. They recommended that "Christian marriage should involve full co-operation between husband and wife in the financial support and management of the home."

Out in the villages I find there is much spade work to be done before we can begin to approach that ideal. There are Christian homes where they do practice financial co-operation and for those we thank God, but there are many homes where there is practically no co-operation.

Let us study the homes where they practice the economy they call *nsengo kintwadi* — the "together hoe". As soon as a couple is married, the husband buys his wife a hoe — the hoe they own together. She prepares the soil, plants, cultivates and harvests the crop herself. She even cooks and carries the manioc bread to the market to sell. All the money she puts in the *kintwadi* box, the box owned together. At the end of the year, this box contains quite a sizable amount if the wife has worked hard and it has been a good year. If she has worked forest land, her husband

has helped her cut down the trees, if not she has worked alone. Here is where a surprise came to me. I thought the *kintwadi* hoe meant that the husband and wife owned the money together, but that is not so. When the money is divided her uncle is called to her husband's house and these *two* divide all the money the wife has earned. The two men who own the woman have full right to use this money any way they choose. They may buy something for her or they may not. I think it would be more correct to call this kind of home economy the "*slave hoe*". I am told there are many homes where they still practice this kind of financial co-operation. The uncle has a right to half of her earnings because he is head of her clan. The husband has a right to the other half because he paid the marriage *longo* for her.

There is another kind of *nsengo kintwadi* — the together hoe, which is not quite so bad. The wife is not completely gypped of all her earnings. Here too however, she must work in her husband's gardens, while he takes all the profits from them. Then she must have her own gardens from which the family get all their daily food. And, if she works hard she will also be able to sell produce from her own gardens. The money she earns she must place in the *kintwadi* box and from time to time they divide it. In this case the wife gets half and the husband the other half. They tell her uncle that they need the money for their children, so he does not get any. This economic arrangement does not give the wife very much economic right but it has the beginnings of some economic justice.

There are other kinds of financial arrangements too. Many of the village men are away in the big cities and the women are left alone to take care of themselves and their children. They have developed a new economy based on their need. These women have become very independent and they keep all the money they earn. They buy their own clothes and whatever they want and can afford. But, the other women who have their men in the village also keep what they earn and some of them earn more than their men. They have taken their model of behavior from the women whose husbands are away. Many of the husbands feel very resentful that their wives will not give them their money.

Here is one incident that shows their displeasure. The men usually plant the plantains and when their wives need some for cooking they have to buy them from their husbands, although the men help to eat the plantains. This has not just happened once. I have heard it from many quarters. Some women retaliate. The wife cooks the evening meal and serves her husband everything but no manioc bread. When he asks for bread she says, "I have no bread, only bread to sell". Then he must buy the bread.

One evening in our Institute on the Christian Home, we were discussing working together and having the money together. Then I saw some of the women get up and walk out. The reason was that their husbands were drunkards, who could not wish for anything better than to get a hold of their wives' hard-earned money. I immediately understood and said that was not the kind of co-operation we were speaking about for a Christian Home. In a Christian home there are no drunkards but they work together, eat together, play and laugh together, divide their earnings according to the needs of each member and they pray together.

The oldest financial arrangement for the Congo home that I have heard anything about is the *nsengo kintwadi* — the together hoe, but I do hope it is on its way out. The other arrangements are not stable yet. They contain many degrees of co-operation and lack of co-operation. In one home the amount of co-operation was that the man furnished the house and the wife the food, nothing more, nothing less. Again some men clothe their wives while other wives buy clothes for their husbands. There are many husbands who help their wives in their gardens, help them buy seeds, buy meat and other foods when the gardens are low. The wives too help in their husbands' gardens. He plants plantains, bananas, maize, peanuts and even manioc, but his wife must keep his garden free from weeds. I should probably not mention that since it is considered her duty. In the economy of the homes I have just described, the husband and wife keep their money strictly separately.

However, there are families also who have their money together and their gardens together. In these families each

member works and contributes to the well-being of the family, each according to his strength and wisdom. This is our Christian ideal.

As missionaries working with the Congo family it is our privilege to try to present a Christian pattern for the financial management of the home, that will create understanding and love between husband and wife. Financial tensions destroy all basis for love in the family. Only true financial co-operation and sharing can be the foundation upon which can be built a Christian Home.

RHODA BROHOLM ARMSTRONG

1898 — 1958

*"I'm not looking down, but upward,
And the path is never dim,
For the day grows ever brighter
As I journey on with Him.
So my eyes are on the hilltops,
Waiting for the sun to rise,
Waiting for His invitation
To the home beyond the skies."*

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ

DR. HUBERT Davidson of the Tenth Avenue Baptist church in Los Angeles was reading the above lines in a little memorial chapel in Inglewood, California on December 27, 1958 at a service for my friend, Rhoda (Mrs. B. W.) Armstrong. How truly they fitted her. She had committed her life early to the Lord and with firm step and resolute courage she had kept her feet in the upward path. Rhoda knew where she was going.

The upward path led her to thirty-five years of missionary service in the Belgian Congo with the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. She had learned to endure both spiritual and physical pain and suffering long before the final three years of

illness with cancer. Her radiant spirit learned the art of overcoming when she left her infant son, Norman, to be raised in America while she and her husband returned to the Congo; and again when she left her husband at Sona Bata in order to work with the Bible Revision Committee thirty "mail-days" distant from him; and again when she and Ben joined us to work at Kikongo, at that time a pioneer station far removed from anything that might be called civilization where she lost her ardently longed for baby.

Rhoda's many talents made her an ideal pioneer missionary; she had a very active part in medical, educational and evangelistic work. She was a linguist whose mother tongue was Danish and she spoke English, French, Kimbala, Kikongo and Lingala fluently and understood other allied tongues.

When her husband became Mission Secretary and they moved to Léopoldville, Rhoda's secretarial experience in the Iowa Baptist Convention during her youth made her his invaluable assistant.

Rhoda was the first "School Inspector" of our Congo Baptist Mission after our schools obtained recognition by the Belgian Colonial Government. Her perfectionist qualities earned for our mission the deep respect of the Belgian Directors of Education.

I met Rhoda in October, 1923, when she and Ben first arrived in the Congo. The little narrow guage train puffed into the Kimpese station with sparks flying. A man-powered two-wheeled cart took Rhoda and me from the station to the mission. We clung to one another as the runner flew over the path, bumping us into the air. It was a case of love at first sight and the beginning of an indescribably precious friendship which years of working together have cemented. Rhoda had the gift for friendship; she gave herself without reserve. Her friends over the entire world are too numerous to be counted.

Rhoda had a prodigious memory; her ability months later to recognize and call by name a child she had seen in a remote African village endeared her to the people she loved and served so selflessly. Countless emerging African leaders will show the imprint of her spirit on their lives.

Rhoda was truly selfless. Agnes Anderson and I, who had the privilege of sharing her nursing care with her sister Stella and Ben, found ourselves the constant recipients of her thoughtfulness as she sought to spare us in every way during her last days.

Any of her friends and acquaintances can bear tribute to her thoughtfulness and generosity. As only one instance I can cite the day that our mud and thatch home at Kikongo was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, destroying all that we possessed. Rhoda immediately went to her closet and gave me exactly half of all her clothing; the better half !

A phrase I have repeatedly heard used about Rhoda in recent months is "radiant faith". Her radiance struck every doctor and nurse who had a part in her care, and all those who have visited her. What was the secret of that radiance ? I believe it to have been her prayer life. Rhoda knew how to commune with her Lord. For most of the thirty-five years of our friendship, we shared a fellowship of prayer; a portion of every day was spent together before the Lord. Sometimes we sat on a hillock under the stars or in the light of the tropical moon; sometimes we kneeled in a quiet room. Even when the miles separated us we united our spirits over identical prayer lists. The radiance of His presence in her heart could not help but manifest itself through her "radiant spirit". "Looking upward" she had been walking with Him for many years, so I was not surprised when she wrote me last August "I do want to tell you of the loving way He prepares us. He is gently but definitely loosening the bonds that tie me to this world." She was ready for the granting of her last expressed wish that she be released in time to "sing Christmas carols in Heaven". She went HOME on the morning of Christmas eve. One of her Congo colleagues has said : "I shall remember her as the one who sings in the morning".

(Mrs. C. E.) VIOLA L. SMITH

IME REPORTS

WE are grateful for the 89 student nurses and midwives whom we have with us this year, for we see in them future leaders. We are ever conscious of the fact that the kind of Christian leadership they will give depends much on what they receive during these impressionable years that they are at Kimpese.

We recently held a Conference of Christian medical workers here at IME with an attendance of about 50. It was one of five such conferences being held in various parts of Congo with Dr. Heydinger, from Columbus, Ohio, bringing us up to date on medical technics. We trust that from these will develop a Christian Medical Society for the Congo with a journal of its own.

Here at IME the 210 hospital beds are full and running over most of the time. It is with pleasure that we are able to say that some patients have regained health and strength, some can walk and some can see. We pray that our work has also been of spiritual value.

— GLENN AND JEANNETTE TUTTLE

EXPECTATIONS AND REALITY

— DON AND BETSY ELLIS —

IT has been more than three years now that we have been eating, drinking, talking, breathing, sleeping, and dreaming Congo. Everything we could lay our hands on which would tell us more about the country we were going to we devoured voraciously — books, magazines and magazine articles, visits with missionaries retired and on furlough — all were grist for our mill. After three years of this, we thought we knew quite a bit about this vast land. But that which struck us most forcefully when we arrived and began to get settled was the fact that we had only a few bits of knowledge — and that many of these were

inaccurate. Not that we had been deliberately deceived; not that we had failed to understand; it is only that second hand impressions cannot convey other than partial images. Joseph Alsop, in a recent magazine article, says that he and his brother have always operated on the theory that a reporter cannot do accurate reporting on a country without first paying it a visit. Even a short stay in a land enables one to soak up something of the atmosphere and gives a basis upon which to let the observations of others build.

We have had only a short stay in the Congo — but this short stay has enabled us to soak up something of the atmosphere and we now have a better vantage point from which to view that which we had already read and been told. We have discovered that residence here has a profound effect upon the meaning of words and alters concepts used by those writing and talking about the Congo. We had read, we had heard; we had believed what we had read and heard; but we had understood only partially. Now we know better the meanings which others were attempting to convey to us.

For instance — we had read that there was now a “first class” road between Matadi and Léopoldville. Reading that hadn’t caused us to expect a four lane divided thruway such as now graces many of the States, but we had expected a “first class” road to be paved. Ten minutes after leaving Matadi we realized that “first class” doesn’t carry exactly the same connotation here that it does in the States or in Europe. A little later, after turning off the main road at Lufu to drive to Banza Manteke, we found out the difference between “first class” and “not first class”. Incidentally, the road from Matadi to Léopoldville does have one thing in common with the turnpikes from New York to Chicago — one can drive the entire distance (about 250 miles) without being stopped for a traffic light.

Another instance — we had read enough to know that there are not vast herds of various kinds of animals in our section as there are in much of Africa, but we had expected life here to be a little more wild and wooly than at home. We had thought that every stream was infested with crocodiles and venomous snakes. Soon after our arrival, the dam at the powerplant needed

a few little holes plugged up. As Phil Uhlinger prepared to dive into the pond to do the job, Don asked him if he weren't afraid of the crocs. Phil replied that one had been seen a few days before a few yards upstream but that he was probably too old to do any harm. Then the realization dawned that, in spite of several trips to the stream and a couple of drives out in the country, neither Betsy nor Don had seen any more signs of animal life than we would have in a comparable period of time at home. A few days later, Betsy did step on a small snake as she was leaving the house, but the wildness and wooliness of our life here has not as yet materialized. There is some lack of conveniences here, but not appreciably more than would be the case with a home in the country in America.

We had been told about the weather — that we needn't dread it too much, that one gets no hotter than on a New England summer day, and not quite so uncomfortable as in Indiana in August. This may not be completely true, because neither New England nor Indiana can match the intensity of the tropical sun. Yet, we are now in the middle of the hottest season of the year, and no day has as yet found us unable to find relief from the heat merely by getting in shade — any kind of shade. There seems to be greater protection from the sun by the shade here than at home. Perhaps it's merely that there is a greater contrast, giving one the illusion of coolness when there is none, but the fact remains that we stay fairly comfortable, and we can always sleep at night.

Another item which had been stressed in our reading and our conversations had been the self-sufficiency of the missionary. Being in semi-isolation, one must learn to do many things he would never have to do at home. This we accepted, and were prepared to do such small or large repairs around the house as might be required. But, once again, the concept of self-sufficiency was far beyond what we had expected. No one had told Don that he might have to assist in delivering a baby in the back of a hot truck on a dusty road in the bush ! No one had mentioned that he might have to do emergency repairs to the truck miles from the nearest garage. And, (supreme test of self-sufficiency !), when Tonda Lee came along, two months early and weighing

but three pounds and ten ounces, there was no glass and chrome incubator, no limitless supply of oxygen, and, worst of all, no corps of specially trained nurses to take over the 24 hour a day vigilance which must be maintained. We had to makeshift an incubator from a bassinet, wool blankets, and hot water bottles. We had to get along on a minimum administration of oxygen. And (breaking all hospital rules in the States), the father and mother had to take over the special nursing, along with Jean Abell. Under the direction of Jean and Norman, we learned the patience, the gentleness, the every-minute vigilance required. We managed to pull her through, bringing her to her present weight of more than seven pounds, and wonder what will come next, finding us unprepared and testing our self-sufficiency.

There are other instances, too, of our understanding of the situation and the actuality of it being miles apart. We might cite the dress of the people, particularly of the men, as being other than what we had expected. The schools, the buildings particularly, were not the same in dream and in reality. The people, in ways almost innumerable, were better — and worse — decidedly different — than our minds had pictured them.

In almost every way, our expectations and reality were radically different, but in one area we found exactly what we had anticipated. We found a crying need for the gospel of Jesus Christ. In eighty years missionaries have done much in this land. Many Congolese have become aware, through them, of the power of the love of God. There is no doubt that the culture has been transformed and is not as it was. Yet there is still darkness on the land — the darkness of sin, of doubt, of disbelief. It is still our prayer, as it was before we came here, that we might be used by God as instruments of His light, that that darkness might be dispelled.

BUSINESS MEN FOR CONGO

Ecole d'Auxiliaires at Vanga

BY JAMES CLARK

THERE is a school at Vanga that is unique, for I am told that it is the only such operated by Protestants in the Belgian Congo. The purpose of this school is to give two additional years of study after the completion of primary school. During these two years of study, the schedule is designed to give training of a commercial nature which prepares these young men to be office clerks. This situation affords the opportunity to educate for a secular vocation these young men who have in their minds and hearts the desire to serve Christ as laymen. In the Congo as in America, Christian laymen are needed to give support to those engaged in church related vocations.

The fifth school year for this Auxiliary School (*Ecole d'Auxiliaires*) is off to a good start. The first year class contains thirty-seven pupils and the second year class is composed of twenty-eight pupils. Of these sixty-five boys, fifty are baptized Christians. We are encouraging the spiritual growth of these fifty as we endeavor to help the remaining fifteen to find a real and complete Christian experience in Christ Jesus.

Along with their subjects like arithmetic, religion, French, book-keeping, typing, etc., certain principles are stressed. These principles are such precepts as the following : A clerk must be absolutely honest and truthful. He must be exact and neat with his work. A clerk must be punctual, well-groomed and polite. He must follow the instructions of his employer, like his profession and try daily to improve the quality and quantity of his work.

We have them to do some practical work in connection with their course of study. The manioc market and receiving incoming goods from the river boats are two good examples of this training. At Vanga we are fortunate to have a good supply of manioc, the bread of the Congolese people. Each Saturday morning, the women of the surrounding villages walk consider-

able distances with baskets of dried manioc on their heads. They have worked hard to gather and dry these roots of the manioc bush or small tree. They are eager to exchange this product for the franc or franc and a half which we pay per kilo. Previously, a team of Auxiliaires boys have been designated to handle the details of this market. A teacher weighs the baskets of manioc while a student writes the name of the woman, the number of kilos and the amount of money due her on a chit. She carries the chit to the storage room where another pupil records the same information in a notebook. The woman empties her basket and proceeds to the next room where other students wait with still another notebook and the francs for these good women. A usual Saturday morning's business finds these boys paying out approximately 4,000 francs to about 150 Congolese ladies. Of course, a close check is kept on the accuracy of this practical work.

The whistle of the river boat is always a welcome sound at Vanga. It can mean that some people are getting off or that a shipment has arrived. Each day two Auxiliaires boys are designated to meet the boat(s) for that day. They must count whatever merchandise is to be unloaded and check its condition. They sign the bills of lading and notify the proper person of the arrival of certain cases, sacks, etc. These boys not only render a valuable service to the mission but they are learning to have a sense of responsibility.

The graduates of this school seek employment in the business firms of the Vanga area and on the stations of our A.B.F.M.S. Congo Mission. We try to improve the program of this school whenever possible so that its graduates will be better qualified morally and scholastically to render good accounts of themselves. I am truly grateful for the opportunity to assist these young men in their quest for a more abundant life. Our Savior once said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly".

TRAVELOGUE — CONGO STYLE

BY GEORGE FRANKE

IT is said that in Congo travel is uncertain. Since travel is very much a part of my work as maintenance engineer, I have listened with interest to many unusual stories of Congo Missionaries' trips. There are many stuck-in-the-mud stories and — although less frequent since I have arrived, I hope — the broken-down-in-the-road stories. My story is perhaps among the more unusual.

I had left Moanza on a sunny morning for the 220 mile trek to Boko in a seven-year-old Chevrolet truck of the three-and-a-half ton variety that had had more experience on Congo roads than I will have for some years. By afternoon we had delivered our load of blackboards and cupboards at various church centers and arrived at our first river ferry. Its gasoline engine was out of order so we were propelled across the river by ten or twelve men with poles. The second ferry was propelled by the force of the current in the river. This is more dependable than a gasoline engine and faster than men with poles.

We arrived at the third and last river ferry about 6 : 30. The tropical sun had set between 6 o'clock and 6 : 10. We could see the landing with the aid of our headlights but no sign of the ferry. My helper soon saw what the trouble was and after some sign language and a diagram, I learned how to say "stuck-in-the-mud" in Kikongo.

At this point I was still hopeful about making the 50 miles remaining to Boko that night. Soon, however, the activity in the center of the river stopped. I was about to test the front seat of the truck, as one does the mattress in a motel room, when along came two trucks. Two Portuguese business men in one of the trucks had their employees shout across the river — this in Kituba, the trade language, which my helper translated for me. It seems that the men on the ferry had given up until morning. The most interesting thing was that the Portuguese men had sent for a boat to take them to their home in Kenge, a town of about 50 Europeans on the other side of the river.

Selecting a phrase from my 100 word French vocabulary, I approached themen. (I think I know "Good Day" in Portuguese but certainly not "Good Evening".) Fortunately they understood and said that I could cross the river with them. After a few minutes of silence, one of them invited me, partly in French and partly in sign language, to have dinner and spend the night at his house. . . . Upon our arrival at his home, I was introduced to his wife and found that he had three children. After being seated in their living room, I was about to be served my first Scotch and soda. A quick inventory of my limited French vocabulary found the words to gracefully refuse it and to accept a cold soft drink !

Although it was already past 8 : 30 there seemed to be no move to eat dinner. I sat patiently sipping my lemon soda as my host and hostess carried on a rapid-fire discussion in their own language. I feel sure that she was saying, "Why did you bring this character home ?" Later I had a short discussion concerning the piece that was playing on the radio by Shoe-BEARR (Schubert.)

At 9 : 30 we were asked to come to the dinner table. The first course was soup. Now soup does not present an eating problem — you just spoon it into your mouth. With the soup there was bread, little loaves passed around with a bread knife. My hostess insisted on serving me first. I took a little loaf and the knife and cut the bread in half. The supressed giggle of the 8-year-old son told me I had goofed. . . . There was also the table wine to refuse.

The main course was a stew — the only problem was that I tried to eat it Portuguese style. One holds his fork in his *left* hand with the left little finger resting on the end of the handle. The fork is placed flat on the plate and the food pushed onto it with the knife. I was able to load it satisfactorily but getting the food into my mouth is another thing. A wrong flip of the wrist and the food is back on the plate or in your lap. I finally found I could do it if I opened my mouth wide and didn't mind stabbing my lips occasionally. Coffee was served in the living room after dinner. Contrary to my usual custom, I decided that, having refused both their wine and whisky, I better drink the coffee.

My hostess, wishing to be generous, put a heaping teaspoon of Expresso Nescafé in a tiny demi-tasse cup, and would have added another if I hadn't stopped her. That makes a strong cup of coffee even if it isn't 10 : 30 p.m.

In the morning the ferry was working again. My hostess refused to take anything for her trouble and in my excitement I forgot the traditional European good-bye handshake. When I arrived at Boko 13 hours late, one of the missionaries remarked, "What was the trouble ? Did you have a flat tire ?"

WE LIKE IT HERE —

BY JUDY ENTWISTLE

OUR plane had come down out of the clouds and we were again standing with our feet on solid earth. Yes, we were finally here in Congo, but even after thirteen and a half hours of non-stop flying from Brussels to the Leopoldville airport, it still seemed like a dream. We were wonderfully happy our trip was over, but a trifle afraid of what lay before us. It was 5 o'clock in the morning and very cool. As we looked around at our surroundings we were reminded immediately of South Carolina. The tall palm trees, the sandy soil, and the flat countryside. There was a long line of people waiting to go through customs and we were at the end of the line, so it was quite some time before we were on the other side of the building and really free to look around. Needless to say, we were relieved when we saw the familiar faces of Chet and Margaret Jump waiting at the curb to take us to the Union Mission House. As we rode through the streets of Leo we immediately formed a favorable impression of the city and were happy to discover that the architects had done a little experimenting with new ideas in designing some of the buildings.

We spent a few days in Leo getting school supplies and other items for our two boys whom we were leaving in the care of Sigrid and Ray Lindland along with the other missionary

children. When we visited the school our boys would attend in Leo, our minds were again put at ease. We only hoped the teachers would be as understanding and cooperative as the school is beautiful. It was not easy to say goodbye to our boys, but we knew they were in good hands. We were thankful that they had already completed one year of school in the Belgian school system in Brussels, so the French language was not so strange to them by this time and the worst adjustment period had taken place last year when they were at home with us in Brussels.

It's a two-hour train ride from Leo to Sona Bata. In no time we were out of the city and had our first look at some of the Congolese mud houses with their thatched roofs. We saw bare-footed women in brightly colored dresses walking along the paths. They were carrying heavy loads on their heads and many of them carried babies tied to their backs as well. It's amazing how much they can carry and still have their hands free ready to shake hands in greeting to friends they meet along the way. As we looked out the train windows on either side we saw high hills. The people live on the tops of these hills and the women have to walk down steep paths to get to the water supply far below. They usually carry the water in large glass jugs or pails on their heads. We have grown accustomed to this spectacle, but once in a while we see a woman with a teakettle or a Pepsi bottle or a small pitcher on her head and it seems quite amusing. With these strange loads on their heads the women often appear taller than they really are. The average woman, I would guess, is a little over five feet.

On our arrival at Sona Bata we were met at the station by Ginny and Orville Chapman. In the carryall with them were Emmanuel Kimpiatu, chief nurse at the hospital whom we had met in Brussels when he was sent there to help out in the Congo Pavilion as a representative of the Protestant Missions; François Mpembele, head of the student nurses; and one of the student nurses. Of course, we were anxious to see our house where we would be staying so we went directly there. Jean Abell, the doctor's wife, brought coffee over and we sat down at the table. It didn't matter that our kerosene stove was in its crate in the living room along with 17 crates of food which had arrived from

the States. We were just thankful to have a stove and food and thankful that we would be living in this nice brick house with concrete floors — a house which had plumbing and electricity. (The latter from 6 to 10 in the evening.) Most of the Congolese living around us have none of these luxuries. No, plumbing and electricity wouldn't be considered luxuries in the States, but they are here.

Our first night at Sona Bata all the missionary staff ate together at Dr. and Mrs. Abell's house. When the meal was over we were asked to go out on the porch to look at the moon. When we went out the door we were greeted in song by the hospital choir. It was hard to see the faces of the people who were singing even though some of them were carrying lanterns. Although I was a little frightened by this large group of strangers, my husband found words in French to thank them for their fine expression of welcome, and we felt immediately assured that we would like it here in this strange land.

We have found that the Congolese men are easier to become acquainted with than the women. This is probably due to the fact that the men have more education as a rule and most of them can speak French. As one missionary puts it; the men are more "évolué". The difference in dress between the Congolese men and women we find rather striking. The men wear mostly white shirts or plain light-colored shirts with trousers much like the men wear in the States and are usually outfitted with shoes on their feet. As for the women, they wear their long bright-colored dresses with an extra piece of cloth draped around them which is tied at the waist or sometimes above the bosom. Brightly colored scarves adorn their heads. They appear to be from an entirely different culture than their husbands.

One day as I was teaching the Calvert Course to Janice and little Grace Abell, I came across the Nature Study Lesson where it suggested we take a walk to a spring. Grace knew where the path to one of the springs was so we started out. It was a very steep path and while it was fun going down, I had trouble coming back at one place where the path was broken up and one had to take a big step up in order to continue. I probably could have made it except that I was carrying little Nancy in my arms.

Anyway, guess who helped me? Ahead of us was a young woman with a pail full of water on her head and it was she who smilingly leaned over and offered me her hand. I gratefully accepted wondering at the same time what was going to become of the pail of water, but to my astonishment it stayed on her head as though it were glued there.

Living here has made us more aware than ever of the many things we have to be thankful for. We think often of the first missionaries who came to Africa who did not find fellow missionaries here waiting to greet them and to feed them until they could get their own stove set up. We think of how long it must have taken before the Congolese looked on them as friends and trusted them and before the first Christian convert was made. Yes, we thank God for these pioneer missionaries. They have made our task so much lighter.

We thank God also for the fine Christian young man who works for us. His name is Mpasi Louis. Mpasi is the Kikongo word for difficult, but we don't find him difficult in the least. He is very industrious, honest, and eager to learn. When we showed him the little one-room mud hut about a hundred and fifty feet from our back door where he was to live our consciences bothered us tremendously because it was absolutely bare. But time has moved on and with the use of our tools he has made a little cupboard with a glass door and two tables. Along with the two chairs we gave him and a bed furnished to him, he has an attractive little house which he keeps clean and in order. We pray that we may show him a good Christian witness and that he will continue to grow in the faith.

We are also thankful for the beauty of Congo. Every night we are enhanced anew when we look out the window at the gorgeous sunsets. And we hope someday to be able to capture the picture of a tall palm tree in the evening when its stately branches are outlined so perfectly against the light blue of the sky.

Yes, we like it here, and we have come to know and love many of the people. But we have come at a time when the feeling of nationalism is high and the people are crying for independance. We pray that this independance may come gradually as the people are ready, but not so gradually that the people whom we

love get impatient and find themselves caught up in a bloody revolt; thereby losing many of their loved ones and causing untold hardship on one and all.

RETHINKING EVANGELISM

ABOUT fifteen missionaries, engaged in evangelistic work, met to discuss unhurriedly some of the problems which those in church work are facing. For three days we met each morning, afternoon and evening for prayer and discussion of some phase of our work.

Each evening Dr. Roy B. Deer of New York, father of missionary Don Deer, brought us a devotional message. Morning devotions were led by friends from other missions and our own Bud Fraser. Three papers were read and discussed, followed by a panel discussion at the close.

Ted Bubeck read a paper "Reflection upon the Theological and Biblical Basis and Nature of our Witness", and led discussion on it the following morning. On Wednesday C. J. Jump, our Mission Secretary, read a paper and led us in our discussion on "Relating American Baptist Convention Programs to our Congo Work".

An impressive paper was read on Thursday by the Secretary of our Congo Protestant Council on "Restating and Restudy of our Aims, Approach and Methods in the Light of Changing Life in the Congo". And the final paper was read on Thursday evening by Phil Uhlinger on "Looking Ahead with Fresh Commitment and Greater Participation on the Part of our Congolese".

The entire conference was immensely helpful and meaningful and it seemed that all felt the need of rethinking our position and restating our message in the light of impending events.

Our American Baptist Mission, although one of the oldest missions in the Congo, has — as far as we know — never ordained any African pastors. It was, therefore, with much joy that a committee met with two of our African leaders to listen to

impressive statements of their Christian experience, their faith and their call to the Christian ministry, and to be able to recommend to their local churches the ordination of Colon Kapini of Vanga and Jean Lubikulu of Leopoldville.

— THEODORE E. BUBECK

ANYTHING BUT THAT

BY RAY LINDLAND

HERE'S a missionary job that seems like anything but that. Imagine being substitute mom and dad to nine extra youngsters, and you know what our work is. Actually, of course, we lead a quite normal existence, living as we do in the big city of Leopoldville.

Helped by White Cross gifts already here, we managed to be ready for school opening on September 12. Later similar gifts went far toward helping us get properly settled.

While their missionary moms and dads are serving Christ by serving his African brethren, these boys and girls live in with us to attend the official public school here. Those of them who went to school in Belgium have the advantage of knowing some French. The others have the double load of learning the subject material via a new language — no easy task !

Recent disturbances here upset our schedule somewhat, but now the whole city seems to have settled into its former routine.

We arrived in Congo in August and were met at the airport by the Brainerd Frasers, who came in from Kikongo with 8-year-old Joanie, the Jack Rumohrs, who work here in Leo in our primary schools, and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Jump — he is field secretary and legal representative. It was a disappointment not to be able to see Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong, who had already left for the States because of her illness.

That afternoon we all gathered on the lawn in front of Miss Phyllis Benner's house, next to historic Sim's Chapel, and over-

looking Stanley Pool; and here we were greeted by Jean Lubikulu, pastor of our large Congolese congregation, and the church choir which welcomed us in song. To our surprise and delight, they sang, among other songs, the American negro spiritual — in Kikongo, of course, “Just A Little Talk With Jesus.”

Attendance at a communion service with Pastor Lubikulu and his congregation was an interesting experience. No children allowed, is the rule. Deaconesses assisted the deacons in serving, a practice which our American churches might well adopt. As always in a church service here, segregation obtains, not of color, however, but of sex : men sit on one side, women on the other. The latter were dressed in their gay and colorful prints; the men in more sober attire — and their respective moods seemed to match their clothes, the women being more restless than the men. A doorman controlled entrances, and with the arrival of each latecomer the women, almost as one, would turn around to see who had come.

During the meditation the listeners responded audibly several times. Rapport between speaker and hearer was very good. Congolese preachers — at least most of those we have heard — speak directly to the people. And occasionally, during the course of the message, a speaker will demand an audible reply from his listeners, not as a “trick” to keep their attention, but, as with a liturgical response, to keep them aware of themselves as participants.

And so has begun our first term in Congo. Things old and new combine to make life interesting and challenging; and we look forward to meeting the rest of our fellow missionaries and to acquainting ourselves with other phases of Congo missionary work.

MOANZA NOTES

In recent months Moanzaites have covered many miles by car and plane to attend conferences and retreats; Bubecks and Stabells have visited regional churches and schools—preaching, teaching and leading into baptismal waters a host of new converts. Miss Dorothy Wiseman and hospital personnel have made weekly trips to prenatal and baby welfare clinics.

Pupils have studied in classrooms and in midyear 104 graduated and half a hundred have since gone on to schools of higher learning. At work periods they have made gardens and planted many acres in cassava, peanuts, bananas and corn; cared for 5 ponds in connection with a school fish-breeding project; and kept the mission compound free from weeds and the grass cut. Masons, carpenters and other workmen have continued the strenuous building program to provide additional hospital facilities, homes for mission workers and dormitories for boarding school boys and girls.

THE FAITHFUL STEWARD

Moses Kikwakwa

BY P. A. MACDIARMID

MOSES Kikwakwa did not know the date of his birth; few of the old people in Congo do know. His father was crucified along with some others as a punitive measure when there was a local uprising that resulted in the death of a state officer, Monsieur Holz. The fatal shot had been fired by a young man, not Kikwakwa's father. It appears that the natives resented the State system of forced portage over the old caravan trail between Matadi and Stanley Pool.

Kikwakwa's mother, MaSimpi, was a witch-doctor with considerable influence in and around Kifwa. She wanted her son to follow in that vocation, and she wasn't pleased when he

chose to go to the Mission school opened near their village by the Fredericksons and the Nelsons when the station was moved from Kinjila to Kifwa. The Frederickson Diaries tell part of the story :

“The first two converts in Kifwa village were Moses Kikwakwa and his inseparable companion, Steven Bangu, both sons of chiefs in a line far back; and these two were amongst our most faithful evangelists, inspiring preachers and soul-winners. Kikwakwa and Bangu were baptized in 1895.”

They afterwards told the story of their baptism substantially as follows: When we told our parents that we were going to attend the Mission school they were much afraid. They said that many believed these white people had come to Congo to carry off our spirits to their land. However, we persisted in attending daily the school classes. There we learned to read the Bible and sing the hymns. After a few years when some converts wished to be baptized we told our relatives we wished to be baptized too. When they heard this they were more sure than ever that we would die and that our spirits would be carried away to Mputu (the white man's country). They said the most powerful evil spirits lived in the water and that was why the missionaries wished us to be baptized. We did not believe this but as some of the old fears lurked in our minds we made a compact. Whoever should be baptized first was to keep his eyes open and if he saw any spirits he was to make a sign to the other. No sign was made! That these two became true disciples of Christ is evidenced by the fact that for more than sixty years they were church members without any lapse into the use of fetiches or other pagan practices.

Kikwakwa led his witch-doctor mother to Christ and she became a powerful influence in winning other women.

Bangu and Kikwakwa were quite different in character. Bangu was deliberate in speech and logical in argument. At one period when a new medal chief was to be appointed he was urged by the *Administrateur* to become chief but he refused because he was afraid it would compromise him in his Christian code of ethics. Kikwakwa was not deliberate; he was strongly emotional; in his heyday one of the best orators amongst our pastors. I remember a sermon he preached on Peace and Loving

one's Enemies. He had two or three representing the enemy camp stand on the platform; then he rushed up to them with a palm branch in his hand, crying : "Peace, Peace, we are not enemies; we are brothers in Christ."

Only once did I hear Kikwakwa when he seemed to be carried beyond reasonable limits by his oratory and now I am not so sure he did not say the right thing. This was in a prayer he made at Kimpese during the one year we served there, 1912-1913, and he was a senior that year. Mrs. Graham, a B.M.S. member of the Faculty had a bad malarial fever and some others had fevers also. Kikwakwa's prayer in chapel one day was to this effect : O Lord, as thou didst keep Daniel in the lions' den, protect our missionaries from the mosquitoes and other things that bring illness. When you come to think of it lions have killed very few missionaries in Africa but anopheles mosquitoes have killed hundreds.

Kikwakwa served first as a village teacher and then as pastor in the Sona Bata field. When he went to Kimpese he was no longer young and he did not keep pace with the younger men, except in Bible where he excelled. And in his contacts with teachers and fellow students he gained much.

After Dr. Sims left Leopoldville for Matadi at the turn of the century, for approximately thirty years, there was no American Baptist missionary at Leopoldville-West. For a few years the Congo Balolo Mission used the station as their transport head-quarters for the Upper River, and in return they looked after the property and conducted church and school services. When they gave up the station the staff at Sona Bata was asked to supervise *Leo-Ouest*. Mr. and Mrs. Frederickson usually made the monthly visits to superintend the work and conduct the communion service.

Not long after Kikwakwa completed his course at Kimpese Mr. Frederickson installed him at Leopoldville both as caretaker and pastor. For nearly twenty years he and his family resided there and Kikwakwa very faithfully carried the heavy responsibility placed upon him. Even after 1930 when Mr. Erickson and the MacDiarmids came to Leo to make that station the Mission headquarters, Kikwakwa remained on a few years as pastor of

the church. As the infirmities of old age came upon him the desire to be back in his own village, near his boon companion Bangu, was very evident, and as the missionaries were now able to find capable young men for church and school they reluctantly allowed Kikwakwa and family to return to Kifwa. In Kifwa he continued pastoral work for some years but the big task of his life was over. Few Congolese at that time could have taken the place of a missionary as acceptably as Kikwakwa.

Two or three incidents of that period come to mind. When the mango season was on Kikwakwa had a great deal of trouble with people stealing the mangoes, and he wasn't the only one who saw something of this trouble. I remember one night when he came to me leading a Bangala policeman that he found up a mango tree. It was rather a ludicrous sight. Here was a little five footer with a big burly six-footer in tow and the big fellow was shaking in his boots. The policeman promised not to steal any more mangoes so we did not report him to the *Commissaire* of Police.

One event that showed Kikwakwa's sterling worth was when he received his first medal from the Belgian Government after 40 years of faithful service in the Mission. With the medal there was added 250 francs which was a considerable sum in those days. That afternoon Kikwakwa came into the office and placed on my desk 50 francs out of the 250 he received which was, he said, his gift to the Mission. He was getting small pay so I suggested that if he made it a tithe it would be still a generous offering on his part. His reply was substantially this: "No, I want to give the full amount. All that is in my life that is worth while is there because the Mission led me to Christ as Savior."

Shortly after this episode Prince Leopold and his bride, Princess Astrid, visited the Congo. On the day when Astrid had tea with the Protestant missionaries at the C.P.C. in Leo-Ouest, as she was leaving, Mrs. Emory Ross called Kikwakwa and family to meet the Princess who was soon to become the Queen of Belgium. The Princess greeted them with warmth, shaking hands with each of them. Then she asked Kikwakwa about the medal he was wearing. It was a big day in the life of the Kikwakwa family.

It seemed fitting that Kikwakwa should die as the Mission was celebrating the 75th. anniversary of the opening of the Leopoldville station. He had had a very important part in that work which is today so flourishing. One can well imagine that the voice of the Master welcomed him into the heavenly mansions with : "Well done, good and faithful servant."

OFF THE RECORD

A great loss was sustained by the Congo Mission with the death of Rhoda Broholm Armstrong on the morning of December 24, 1958 at the home of her sister, Stella Broholm, in California. Ben Armstrong has written of how they were sustained during his wife's illness by the nearness of their friends who had been colleagues of so many years at Kikongo, the C. E. Smiths and Agnes Anderson. On page 9 Mrs. Smith gives a few remembrances of Rhoda and cites the courage and Christian assurance with which she faced her coming death.

A happier subject is that depicted by the cover photo and first article about the wedding of two promising young Congolese Christian couples.

We are happy, too, to announce the birth of Sylvia Elizabeth Clark, — in October, to the James Clarks and of Tonda Lee Ellis (2 months early) to the Don Ellis'. Tonda Lee was born Thanksgiving morning, and her name, in Kikongo, means "to thank".

— R. U.

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IN BELGIUM—completing required courses :

Rev. and Mrs. Frank Andersen
Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Bottemiller
Rev. and Mrs. Wesley Brown
Rev. John Marshall

IN U.S.—completing preparations for service in Congo

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey L. Polley

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Miss Alice Jorgenson,
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Mr. and Mrs. Murray F. Sharp
Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Weaver

* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*

† *All air-mail addressed via Léopoldville instead of Matadi*

‡ *For air-mail add — and Léopoldville.*